LIGHTS THAT FAILED

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

For many centuries there have been a few followers of the altruistic idea that work done by people living in a community is more beneficial to humanity than work done by the individual for his sole interest. Each decade has found some man eager to demonstrate this theory and has brought men and women to follow him. Failures have been far more numerous than successes. At Jamestown in 1607, and at Plymouth in 1620, the plan of having all earnings placed in a common stock was tried without success. The Labadist Community of Protestant mystics, 100 strong, settled on 4,000 acres in Northern Maryland in 1680, and the "Community of the Woman of the Wilderness" was established on the Wissahickon River, in Pennsylvania, in 1694. Both soon became things of the past. Religious bodies and non-religious bodies followed on the heels of these, but after a wavering, glimmering flicker, these little lights of endeavor sooner or later failed.

Charles Fourier, the famous socialist of France, was responsible for many community settlements in the nineteenth century. He believed in common holdings, with a small division of profits. In his opinion the net earnings of the community should be divided into twelve parts. Five of these parts were to go to labor, four to capital, and three to talent. Robert Owen, of Lanark, Scotland, the first man in the world to secure legislation that protected women and children in factory life, and established shorter working hours, was another inspiration for communal colonies. Each had his ideas represented in some part of the wilderness country of the United States.

The most notable communistic settlement in the United States was probably Brook Farm, because of the high ideals it meant to maintain, and because of the brilliant men and women connected with it. In 1841 a club composed of people who called themselves Transcendentalists chose a farm nine miles out from Boston, organized a stock company to finance it, and under the leadership of the Rev. George Ripley went in for the simple life with a vengeance. They established their lives on the basis of wisdom and purity, justice and love. Poets, preachers, artists, teachers, philosophers, and orators, joined and went to work in the fields side by side with plain farmer folk, as the spirit and law of the colony decreed. They "left the rusty framework of society behind them," and brought great zeal and self-sacrifice to the task. Even if they did hoe up the corn, and assiduously cultivate weeds, as has been claimed, or turn over the beans and peas that persisted in growing upside down, they were earnest and sincere, and set a good example of brotherliness, helpfulness, and high ideals in general.

Hawthorne was a member of the colony, and one of his tasks was to help feed and milk the cows in the morning. He writes in his "American Note Book" of his experiences, and because one cow was especially independent and tyrannical, he always persisted in affirming she must belong to Miss Margaret Fuller, for whom he had little liking. Charles A. Dana, John B. Dwight, Albert Brisbane, William Ellery Channing, William H. Channing, Elizabeth Peabody, Margaret Fuller, and Burrill Curtis, who so often posed for portraits of the Christ, were members of the colony. That genial philosopher, Amos Bronson Alcott, father of Louisa M. Alcott, meant to live there, but the life was not yet on a plane as high as he would have it, and with other kindred spirits he established the short-lived community of Fruitlands, where animal food in any form was not tolerated, where water was the only beverage, and where early rising and cold baths were part of the stoical regimne.

Brook Farm did not last very long, being dissolved in 1846, though Horace Greeley, Emerson, and Theodore Parker were constantly offering encouragement and inspiration. Their school had become famous in its time, and drew pupils from Manila, Havana, Florida, and New England. The instruction for the elder pupils was wide. Lecturers came each Sunday and on week days. Ripley elucidated Kant and Spinoza on Sunday afternoons. Pupils, seated on the grass, read the Divina Commedia in the original, and scholars did the work of some of the illiterate that they might attend classes. Hawthorne wrote his "Blithedale Romance" from his experiences there, and other real romances found culmination in fourteen marriages that took place among the members. The farm has been absorbed in the ever-widening limits of Boston, and its identity is now lost in that of the Martin Luther Orphan Home, which occupies the old quarters.

The next communistic settlement of importance, in so far as its ideals and its membership are concerned, was that of New Harmony, Ind., under the immediate direction of Robert Owen, of Scotland. The village and the 30,000 acres surrounding it were purchased outright from a religious society that was anxious to find another location. Owen paid $150,000 for the whole. This was in 1825, and the colony prospered, with 900 members engaged in almost every branch of industry that an independent colony might require—agriculture, manufacturing, stock-raising, and brickmaking. All the goods, houses, and lands were held in common, and the individual was lost in the general scheme of things.

Education was a great factor in the plan; the first day nurseries and schools for little children in the United States were there. Eminent men were among the members—Robert Dale Owen, whose name is next only to Smithson's in the National Museum, at Washington; William Maclure, father of American geology; Thomas Say, the noted entomologist and one of the founders of the Academy of Natural Sciences; Dr. Troost, who made the finest geological and mineral collection in the world, and was sent in 1810 on a scientific expedition to Jamaica by Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland; Charles Leseur, the French naturalist; Prof. Joseph Neef, a student of Pestalozzi and a soldier of Napoleon; Joseph Chapplesmith, the English artist and engraver, and Frances Wright, the woman who later founded in West Tennessee the first industrial school for negroes in the world.

This was to be the great educational center of the United States, and William Maclure contributed $150,000 toward that end. Freedom of speech, freedom of thought were to be encouraged, and woman's rights was an acknowledged thing. But in 1827, when Owen's interests took him elsewhere, the colony became as a ship without a master, and soon was wrecked. A colony in Pennsylvania, one in Indiana, three in New York, one in Tennessee, and one in Ohio sprang from this, but soon went into oblivion. Owen came over again in 1828 to see if the Mexican government would not grant lands for other communities, and in 1845 called a world's convention in New York to discuss his vast schemes for the social betterment and uplifting of all people.

Horace Greeley was the god-father of an interesting colony that flourished for a few years forty miles from New York. This was known as the North American Phalanx. It was founded near Monmouth, N. J., in 1843, and lasted until 1856, its principles being those advocated by Fourier. The colony was a large one, owning 675 acres of good land, with shops, dairies, farms, and factories. It also owned stock in the steamboat and railway lines that ran into New York. For some reason dissensions arose, the financial affairs got tangled, though Greeley offered to lend any amount of money necessary, and after a few years' experiment the members drew out their shares and went their way.

In 1847, Etienne Cabet, a French socialist and member of a society called the Icarians, believed he could colonize a million of his people in Texas. That State had just been admitted to the Union, and was offering great inducements to settlers. Through a Chicago real estate company Cabet secured, as he thought, more than a million acres on the Red River, in Texas. He chose sixty-three of his best young men and sent them over in 1848, but they found that they had been cheated in the land. A greater emigration was checked because three weeks after the first settlers left, France became a republic. The second installment of settlers was only nineteen, instead of 1,500, as had been expected. All returned to New Orleans, and when Cabet came with 400 more in 1849 the colony moved to Nauvoo, Ill., where a recent exodus of Mormons had left many vacant houses and farm lands. They immediately set up shops, opened farms, and became prosperous for a while. Politics soon upset the scheme, however, and it ultimately failed.

Another settlement that was under foreign direction was that at Rugby, Tenn., on the Cumberland Plateau. This was engineered by an English company known as the "Board of Aid to Land Ownership." The president was none other than the famous Thomas Hughes, who gave the world "Tom Brown at Rugby." Many of the members were from Eton, Harrow, and Wellington, and the plan was to encourage younger sons of good English families to settle the beautiful plateau country. An ideal town and community were planned which would have exceptional educational, agricultural, and manufacturing advantages all in one. English gardens were made, an inn named for the famous "Tabard Inn," of the Canterbury Tales, was erected, tennis and cricket clubs organized, good houses built, and the natives electrified many times a day by seeing faultlessly dressed Englishmen go galloping over the hills, where only creaking carts and slow oxen had come before. The town site was dedicated on October 5, 1880, people coming from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chattanooga, and Knoxville to hear Dr. Hughes' address. But to-day Rugby, the hope of the English land company, is merely another light that failed.

To-morrow—What Is Whisky.

IN WARD SEVEN

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

"Nurse," piped the small boy in cot three, "the doctor's dead stuck on you."

"Hush," said the nurse, and bent over him and tucked him up.

Her cheeks were very red as she went out of the ward, and when she was alone in the diet kitchen she said under her breath, "The idea!"

That afternoon she carried a wee bunch of violets to the small boy, and pinned them on his little white night shirt. "I picked them in the yard," she told him; "spring is coming, and I saw a robin on the lawn."

The small boy eyed her adoringly, and when the doctor came he whispered, "The nurse gave 'em to me. The pretty one with the blue eyes."

"Nurse Isabelle?" asked the big, fair-haired doctor.

"Yep," said the small boy; "the one you're stuck on."

The doctor stared at him through his thick eyeglasses. "The idea!" he said; then with the red coming into his face, "Don't talk, Jimmie; it's bad for you."

But when he had tended the poor little throat, and the boy lay weak and pale on his pillow, the doctor whispered, "May I have a violet, Jimmie?" and the small boy nodded, and the doctor laid the little blue flower carefully in his pocketbook between the prescriptions and the unpaid bills.

Unpaid bills were the reason that, in spite of his thirty-five years, the doctor had not indulged in romance. Notwithstanding his success in his profession, the expenses of city living and a mortgage on his mother's farm kept him in a state of chronic insolvency, with a consequent constant shabbiness.

At the door Nurse Isabelle helped him on with his rusty overcoat.

"There's a button off," she told him; "I'll sew it on if you will wait."

As she took deft stitches, the doctor looked down at her white-capped head. From beneath the cap little blond locks curled against her round throat.

"Jimmie's right," he said aloud; and when Nurse Isabelle said "What?" in a startled way, he stammered, "Oh, nothing. Let me know how the boy is," and went away.

That night he took an account of ways and means, and found that it wouldn't do. There was a big balance yet to be paid on the mortgage, and he must still travel the path of loneliness.

"Oh, I say," Jimmie informed him a week later, "you ain't doin' it right."

"Why not?" the doctor asked.

"Aw, you ought to bring her a rose or some violets," Jimmie told him; "she likes 'em."

"I haven't time for foolishness," the doctor stated briefly; and Nurse Isabelle, coming up, heard him.

With her head held high, she helped him examine Jimmie, and after the doctor had gone, the small boy said, shyly: "Well, anyhow, I'm dead stuck on you, nurse, dear." She kissed him, with her cheeks blazing.

That night she telephoned to the doctor, "Jimmie is worse."

When he came the small boy was fighting for breath. "Tell—me about—the robin," he begged, feebly; and Nurse Isabelle bent over him and sang softly—

The robin dressed in his feathers and down,
With warm, red breast and his wings of brown"—

and then she stood back that the doctor might see him.

She knew that things were very wrong. The doctor gave orders quickly, and she followed them, and for hours they fought with death.

At midnight they thought that the end had come. Jimmie lay very still with his little face gray in the shaded light.

Isabelle, bending over him, began to cry, silently at first, then hysterically.

"Oh, why can't you save him?" she gasped; "why can't you save him?"

"Hush," the doctor warned, "hush."

But she was worn out, and the sobs came faster and faster, as with shaking hands she tried to hold Jimmie up.

The doctor took the boy from her.

"Go and get me hot water," he ordered, "plenty of it. I'm ashamed of you."

When she came back he had his coat off and his sleeves were rolled up. "It's the last chance," he said; and she helped him lift Jimmie into the bath.

The tears ran down her cheeks and dripped into the tub. Once she looked at the doctor, "I am so ashamed of myself," she whispered. "But—I haven't many people to love me." And she sobbed under her breath.

The doctor's hair was wet, his face was red and his shirt was open at the neck, showing the cords of his strong neck. He lifted the little steaming body in his arms, and held the boy while Nurse Isabelle enveloped him in a heated blanket.

Jimmie opened his eyes as they led him on his little cot. "Tell me about the robin," he murmured, dreamily, and went to sleep, holding tight to Nurse Isabelle's finger.

The doctor, warm and rumpled, looked at the two.

"You haven't any business nursing," he said to Isabelle.

Her startled eyes met his. "I was afraid you would say that," she quavered, "I was such a—fool."

"You are not a fool," the doctor blazed, "but some women aren't any more fitted to be nurses than I am to be the Angel Gabriel."

Nurse Isabelle was not so sure of his unfitness for the sacred office, as he stood there in his strength and dignity, with his halo of fair hair.

"If I had anything to offer you," he remarked abruptly, "I'd marry you."

"Oh!" Nurse Isabelle tried to rise, but Jimmie's thin fingers held her. "Please don't," he begged.

"Don't disturb my patient," was the doctor's peremptory command. He ran his fingers through his hair. "If I wasn't so dead poor," he ruminated.

"A woman who breaks down at such an important moment isn't fit to be in a hospital," he continued. "She ought to be in a home where the tenderness would not be wasted."

He came around to Nurse Isabelle's side. It was very still in the big room. The screen around Jimmie's bed hid them from such wakeful patients as might be in Ward Seven.

"In my home it would not be wasted," he said, softly.

Jimmie stirred slightly. Nurse Isabelle rose and bent over him. When she straightened up she was within the circle of the doctor's arm.

"Oh," she gasped, all pink and white and beautiful.

"You're such a little thing to take care of yourself," the doctor whispered. "And I'll make ends meet."

As she raised a radiant face, Jimmie opened his eyes and took in the satisfying situation.

"I told you he was dead stuck on you," he chuckled, weakly.

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JAMES N. RICHARDSON DEAD.

Held Position in War Department for Seventeen Years.

Asbury Park, N. J., April 30.—James Wentworth Richardson, for seventeen years employed in a responsible position in the War Department, and who rose in the government service from the position of page in the capitol, died here to-day. He was forty-two years old, and, in 1901, married Miss Josie Tenbroeck, daughter of the late Mayor Frank L. Tenbroeck, of Asbury Park.

The widow and four children, the oldest by his first wife, sister of Charles Ross, the actor, survive. Funeral arrangements are not complete.

MANILA BATTLE DAY

Dewey's Victory Won Nine Years Ago.

OFFICERS WILL CELEBRATE

Annual Dinner to Be Held in Washington—Three Captains Who Took Part Are Still Living—Ah Maw Will Preside at Feast—Another Naturalization Problem—Signal Boy's Rise.

Nine years ago this morning the battle of Manila Bay was fought, and the Philippine Islands got their first bit of acquaintance with the Americans. Nine years ago to-night the extra newspapers announced that the American squadron under Commodore Dewey had destroyed the entire Spanish squadron under Rear Admiral Montojo, without the loss of an American life, and with only slight injuries to American ships.

The results of the battle, so far as they relate to changes in the geography of the world, and to the promotion of the chief figure from the grade of commodore to that of Admiral of the Navy, are familiar enough to most Americans, and they have not been slow to show to the admiral that they appreciate Shakespeare's saying, "A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers."

But there are numerous other results of which the public has heard little or nothing.

On every May Day those of the officers taking part in the battle who are in or near Washington gather for dinner. This annual gathering is to be kept up as long as two of the officers are left who can possibly get together. The officers discuss over and over again various incidents connected with the battle, and with the anxious days preceding and following it; but the details of their talks are never printed, for no outsider ever, by any means, gets within the precincts of the dining-room. The admiral's Chinese steward, Ah Maw, himself a participant in the battle, waits on the diners, wearing his long, stately Chinese robes. A famous cigarmaker in New York sends every year a box of cigars specially made for the occasion, each wrapped and labelled as an anniversary souvenir. Ah Maw passes these around, but it is noticed that few of them are smoked, the officers preferring to keep them in remembrance of the occasion.

Three Captains Now Living.

Of the captains of the ships taking part in the battle, three have died—Gridley, of the Olympia; Wilde, of the Boston, and Wood, of the Petrel. Dyer, of the Baltimore, is now a retired rear admiral, as is also Coghlan, of the Raleigh, though the latter is still in command of the New York Navy Yard; and Walker, of the Concord, now the only one of the captains remaining on the active list, is a rear admiral and superintendent of the Naval Observatory in Washington.

On board the various ships of the American squadron were several Chinamen, enlisted as servants in various ratings, probably twenty or twenty-five in all. Whatever their feelings or fears may have been, they took their part in the battle, and there is no record that any one of them failed in his duty on that day. Some of them had been in the navy for many years and are still in the service. Each of them afterward received his medal commemorative of the event, but further than that his status was not changed. Soon after the battle Admiral Dewey recommended that Congress be asked to permit these men, who had borne arms for America, to become American citizens if they wished to do so; but so strong was the national prejudice against the admision of Chinese into this country that no action was ever taken upon the recommendation, although it was vigorously renewed after the Admiral's return to Washington.

The Admiral's personal attendant, Ah Maw, is still an enlisted man in the navy, having the rating of steward to the commander-in-chief; but if he did not reenlist at the expiration of his term, he would have no status whatever in America, and would be obliged to leave the country, notwithstanding his many years of faithful service to the great naval leader.

Another Naturalization Problem.

Even more unfortunate than the Chinamen is Albert M. Whitton, master of the steamer Zafiro. This steamer was purchased by Commodore Dewey, on the Asiatic station, in April, 1898, for use as a collier and supply vessel, and accompanied his squadron to Manila. Her master, Mr. Whitton, was a British subject, and immediately upon the purchase of his vessel for American service he declared to Commodore Dewey his wish to become an American citizen.

In the nine years which have elapsed Mr. Whitton has been continuously employed, in a civil capacity, as master of the Zafiro, but the vessel has been all of this time on the Asiatic station, so that he has no opportunity to apply to a United States court for naturalization. Congress has made no provision for naturalization of would-be Americans in the Philippines, and, although strong appeals have been made to Congress for a special act naturalizing Mr. Whitton, no action has been taken, and he remains as he was nine years ago, a British subject, unwillingly, though in the service of the United States.

The bloodless taking of Iloilo is often commented upon by naval officers who know the facts as an instance of the way in which the navy gets the short end of matters in which it is brought into contact with the army. A small Spanish tug, which had been captured on May 1, was put under the command of a naval cadet, and did a good deal of cruising among the islands nearest to Luzon. Upon one occasion the cadet took her into the harbor of Iloilo, whose inhabitants, already informed of what had taken place at Manila, were expecting the Americans to come and take possession of their island. With no appearance of resistance, the town and island were virtually surrendered to the cadet as soon as he landed, and the island was really American territory from that moment. But this unceremonious taking of the island was not enough, and so the natives a few days later saw a regiment of American soldiers landed, who took possession with considerable flourish of trumpets and show of force, and the colonel in command of the regiment was afterward made a major general of volunteers for his bravery in the taking of Iloilo.

Rise of a Signal Boy.

It was a proud moment for all assembled Americans when, on August 13, 1898, Lieut. Thomas M. Brumby, Admiral Dewey's flag lieutenant, with two signal boys from the Olympia, hauled down the Spanish flag which had floated over the city, and raised instead the Stars and Stripes. But it was a particularly proud occasion for these signal boys, who did the actual work of pulling the ropes which brought about this sign of change in the government of the islands.

One of the boys, Samuel Ferguson, then a lad of eighteen, during the remainder of his apprenticeship enlistment, gave much study and attention to electricity, and in his later enlistment, after reaching his majority, he was rated a chief electrician and filled that important place on one of our largest battle ships. In 1905, upon the expiration of his enlistment, he entered the employ of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, and will have a prominent part in the forthcoming tests between the boats of the Holland and Lake types.

A SMALL COAT SUIT.

Little maids are wearing coat suits quite as well as older ones, and a model for such an one is sketched. The coat is box in front with its back seams slightly shaped to assure becomingness. The deep neck edge and double-breasted closing are very novel and jaunty. The skirt is a five-gored one with an inverted pleat in back. The modish flare at the hem rendering it at once smart and graceful. A cloth, pongee or linen may serve as material, the medium size requiring three yards of forty-two-inch material.

Sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Patern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number 2495 and size wanted.

MARY POOL'S WILL FILED.

Son Is Made the Chief Beneficiary. Other Testaments.

Mary Mercer Pool, by her will, filed for probate yesterday, appoints her son, Morris W. Pool, executor and trustee of her estate. She directs that he take one-third for himself and pay the income of the remainder to S. M. Pool, her husband, and Sarah Pool, her daughter, during their lives. At their deaths their shares revert to the son.

By will of Henry M. Walter, the widow of the deceased, Mrs. Mary T. Walter, is named as sole beneficiary and executor of the estate. A life interest in the estate of Joseph W. Ott is devised to his widow, Josephine E. Ott, by the provisions of his will. At the death of Mrs. Ott, the estate is to go to his three children. Mrs. Ott is named as executor.

Francis Miller bequeaths to his nephew, John F. Werle, and his neice, Katherine Schneider, of Brooklyn, N. Y., $1,500 each. The pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church is remembered with $200, and the Sisters of Notre Dame, $100. The residue of the estate is to go to the widow, Mrs. Annie May Miller, who is named as executor, with Frank P. May.

HITCHCOCK GOING WEST.

Will Inspect Post-offices in Several Large Cities.

First Assistant Postmaster General Hitchcock will start soon on a tour of Western post-offices. He will visit St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities.

The politicians think Mr. Hitchcock is going to look the ground over with reference to Presidential candidates, but Mr. Hitchcock says the trip will be solely on postal business.